


THE
FOCUS

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
FARMVILLE, VA.

APRIL

2/3

1912



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THE FOCUS

Vol. II

FARMVILLE, VA., APRIL, 1912

No. 3

Spring

The jonquils peep forth all green and gold,
The anemone 'gins its frail leaves to unfold;
While the red bird sings from the top of a tree
And spring calls merrily to you and to me,
“ Come out and skip over the hill-tops today,
Or gather sweet flowers wherever you may,
For I would have the whole world glad,
And never a heart either weary or sad.
Then, heigho, form a ring,
Merrily, cheerily dance and sing
With a heigho-heigh,
For it is spring! ”

ANTOINETTE DAVIS.

Icarus---Up to Date

Joe Bennett settled down before the fire in his cozy little suburban home with a sigh of content, while his wife, petite and blond, perched herself on the arm of his chair and proceeded to make him tell her all about his trip.

"Well, I got the business all settled," he said, "and then having quite a little time to kill before my train should come, I 'phoned out to Bob. You know he lives about two miles out of Drayton, and, do you know, that old chap was so excited, he just called out that he would be in in a moment; then he hung up the receiver. In less than thirty minutes his horse and buggy were in front of my hotel, and "the Bachelor" himself was insisting that I go out to spend the night with him.

They both laughed at the memories recalled by the nickname some one had given Joe's college chum on the occasion of entertaining the bridal party just before Joe's and Molly's wedding.

After a moment of tender silence, Molly caught up the thread of the story.

"Same old Bachelor, was he?" she asked.

"Yes—only more so," was the answer.

"Fact is, Molly, Bob is getting almost crusty. He is pretty nearly a woman-hater, and he gave me as fancy a spiel about their education as you ever want to hear. He insists that a girl at college learns only what he chooses to call the three "F's"—fun, fudge and foolishness."

"Oh, Joe, I have an idea!" Molly clasped her hands enthusiastically. "We must invite Clarice up here and the Bachelor, too—then—"

"Now, Molly, don't let's have any match-making schemes. It would be no manner of use. Bob is really very progressive you know, but he just has an unfortunate opinion of women. You see he lives in that little

college town and associates with those fun-loving undergraduates who talk of nothing but their play outside of school walls. He says they are incapable of education, that they learn only the most sentimental kind of poetry and have really only vague ideas of any educational subject. Why, according to him, girls will refer to logarithms as those horrid things in the back of the book; and they invariably think Copernicus is a sign of the zodiac. So he holds that girls should not be given the opportunity for a higher education. He says that it spoils them and unfits them for their life work. Yet—he is the man who contemplates buying an airship soon!”

“But why has he no automobile?”

“Oh, he loves horses too well, and says they are all he needs so long as he keeps to earth.” Joe kissed his little wife with a final admonition to “be a good girl and have no designs on lonely bachelors;” with that he yawned sleepily and went to bed.

It was perhaps a week later that he showed Molly the following item in a newspaper:

“New aviator injured in crash during pleasure flight from Philly to Drayton, Virginia. Hard fall from great height into the grounds of Oocheetan College for Women at Drayton. He will recover, though his injuries are severe.”

“Poor old Bachelor,” sighed Molly as she read, “of all men to be dropped helpless into a community of women!”

“Now, little matchmaker, begin to dream things,” chuckled her husband.

“Well, dreams sometimes come true,” she retorted.

After she had left the room, Joe gazed reflectively out of the window. “Well, wouldn’t it jar you!” he softly ejaculated.

Meanwhile the Bachelor was slowly regaining consciousness in one of the private wards of the Oocheetan College infirmary. He wasn’t a bit conscious at first that there was a Bachelor. All he knew was that two very useful angels were bending over him. One

was very comforting. She had really dusky hair, with the softest, most compassionate brown eyes in the world, and the other had fair hair and kind but very business-like blue eyes. And somehow the Bachelor didn't mind a bit that they were *women* angels. But presently he discovered that there was a finger or something connected with himself, and following in the track of a keen pain, he found that he had an arm. Then as the bones were set and bound he discovered there was a body to him, a very painful human body, with an ache or a throb everywhere, and presently it came back to him he had been up in the air, he had been flying and something had clipped his wings. He remembered that just before he fell he was looking down in a very superior way on a college for women. Then it came to him! The broken propeller, the motor had slipped a clutch!

"Well, wouldn't it jar you!" he exclaimed, and fainted again.

When the Bachelor again came to himself, he lay quietly and watched the Comforting Angel move steadily about the room, occupied with this or that thing. Then he moved his head. "Whitecap," he called, "come here." Quickly the nurse bent over him.

"Does anything hurt you?" she asked gently.

"Anything! I hurt all over," he said. "But what I want to know is—how long will I have to be here?"

"Oh, not long. Maybe you can be moved in three or four weeks." The Bachelor groaned.

"I'm sorry you are suffering," said the gentle voice.

"Oh, bother the suffering. But three weeks in—in—here!" He groaned again.

"We can't *all* be pleased, you know," she said with a gentle irony that did not escape him.

So he closed his eyes and fell into a light sleep. When he awoke, there were voices in the room, and he listened as well as he could through his bandages.

"Yes," some one was saying in a crisp little voice, "he's pretty badly smashed up. Luckily his skull is not injured nor his patella mashed, so he will have his

brain, and he won't walk with a limp." Then the little doctor walked over to his bed, and Bob opened his eyes.

"Miss—I mean Dr. Johns," he said, "did you fix me up?"

"I did. The only doctor in town at the time was sick. But you're fixed up right, I'll promise you, and you must not worry."

But he did worry, and every day he in some way signified his impatience at the delay there.

"Miss Whitecap," he said once, "don't you think I can soon leave?"

"I hope it won't be very long," the nurse soothed.

"Are you then so tired of me?" he asked with cross inconsistency. "I'm sure I'll move when I can."

"Oh, no, Mr. Bachelor, we're not tired of you, but you know one hates to be hated to one's face."

"I didn't mean—I'm sorry—" he began.

"Forgive me," she interrupted, "of course you're sick—but oh, how I wish you could be just in spite of that."

"Just!" he cried, "but what have I done?"

"Do you know Hugo's 'Just Man?' One like that would hardly be so unkind. Why, not even little Gavroche would rail at the rats that infested his retreat. Young as he was, he realized that Nature gives a love of life even to rats—and—and women." Then she smiled.

"Ouch!" he exclaimed so earnestly that she was alarmed for his bodily comfort.

Then he laughed.

"But you must admit that Gavroche fastened the rats out of his *sanctum sanctorum*. Probably, however, if your 'Just Man' had lived as Gavroche, he would have given his own body to the rodents."

"Anyway, you may rest easy," she retorted, "for neither rats nor women shall disturb your rest. But I think the name 'Icarus' more suited to your peculiar circumstances than 'Gavroche,' for while engaged in a scornful contemplation of the earth you were precipi-

tated into a shark-infested sea and died of fright before the sharks got to you."

"I'll be good," he promised, "for the present. But really I thought Icarus died from drowning."

"Well, he did, you know, but it could have been the sea of fear. One time I made a rhyming translation of the episode. It went about like this:

Daedalus, exile from home by King Minos' decree,
With his son lived in Crete and longed to be free!

Another one was—

Then as Daedalus turned to find out the trouble
The paternal eye saw only a bubble.
On the placid blue surface where Icarus fell
Not a feather was left his sad fate to tell.

It closed with—

Then he cried out in anguish, 'O Icarus, where
May I seek you, now you've deserted the air?'
But ne'er did he find him, so that sea took its name
From the first aviator that was e'er known to fame.

Now wasn't that great poetry?"

She laughed gaily as she finished her speech. The Bachelor laughed, too.

"Quite in keeping with the usual college girl standard of scholarship, I should say."

But he didn't stay good, for one day, when he had suffered a great deal, and the radiance of a spring day had only mocked his pain, he began to complain. She had been near him but very little that day, so perhaps that accounted in part for his mood.

But "Whitecap" was mistress of the situation for just a moment.

"O Icarus," she asked, "do you wish you had never flown?"

Bob looked at her intently.

"No," he finally said, "the bird that does not fly can never alight, and think of the flowers he would miss." He was gazing at her with an expression that brought the color to her cheek.

"You will soon be able to go," she said in her confusion, and looked away.

"Are you still so tired of me?" he longed to know.

But she persistently looked out of the window.

"You hate women," she insisted.

"Hate women? Ah, but not *you*, little 'Whitecap.' You have saved my life, and my brain, and my soul. You are wonderful. Look at me. Why, little 'Whitecap,' I *love* you. Look at me,—*please*." His face was white, and his voice was growing excited.

"Oh, you must be quiet," she said quietly. "You are weak and sick now—you—you will think differently."

Then her sense of humor rose uppermost, and she laughed.

"You hardly know me," she said, "why, I *may* be an undeclared suffragette."

"I'll risk it!" he said. "Can—can you risk something, too? Anyway if you won't say yes now I'll make you say it some time."

But he was getting so excited that, like a good nurse, she said "Yes" to quiet him.

And he improved with amazing rapidity.

Several months later he wrote to Joe Bennett.

"Did you ever hear," (so ran the letter), "about a modern Icarus, who fell out of an aeroplane and drowned in the sea of matrimony? But, Joe, there couldn't be a more willing victim, for I'm the happiest man in the world. Of course you never saw a beautiful, brown-eyed, dusky-haired angel, so you can't understand."

Joe gave a long, low whistle. "Wouldn't it jar you?" he said.

But Molly said in triumph, "I told you so."

JANE MOREHEAD.

Mother

Mother, thou art my guardian angel,
The guiding star of all my weary life,
To thee, whate'er befall to cause me care,
I come for rest and peace after the strife.

Serene thy face, as tho' with heaven's own light
Illumined, sweet, and good, and kind;
Eyes that are filled with tenderness and love,
And hair of gold with silver threads entwined.

Thy voice, its accents always sweet and low,
Gracious thy spirit, thy motives ever true,
Thy noble soul by kindest deeds revealed,
Thy life existing solely for God's view.

JUANITA MANNING.

"Mon Preux Chevalier"

A PORTRAIT

A stalwart form, a manly face,
A calm and steadfast air,
A certain quiet, stately grace,
A mien an earl might bear,
His mien just every common day,
"Mon preux chevalier!"

A heart as pure, as leal, as true
As Arthur's purest knight,
A will as strong to always do
His master's will aright,
Are his, each passing common day,
"Mon preux chevalier!"

A flashing eagle-glancing eye
Of deepest steel-like blue,
The look, strong, noble, high,
Of those, who good deeds do,
Brave look, just every common day,
"Mon preux chevalier! "

Never too tired to help or heal,
To lift the fallen, bind the broken,
To give, where money might not heal,
The cheering word, kind spoken,
His way, each passing common day,
"Mon preux chevalier! "

By love of little children sped,
And with no forgotten duty,
The blessings of the comforted
Have lent his brow a beauty,
A peace, just every common day,
"Mon preux chevalier! "

God ever keep thee, gentle Knight,
As tender, brave and true,
And mayest thou find at last his light,
As thou hast striven to do,
Each day, each passing common day,
"Mon preux chevalier! "

JANE C. SLAUGHTER

Cupid's Accomplice



JUST AS Roger West, deeply engrossed in thought, turned the corner the wind with one sweep dashed his new panama hat away.

"Confound it," the young fellow muttered as he saw his new hat whirled down the street in a cloud of dust.

"Hold on, old boy, don't be in a hurry," an acquaintance yelled as Roger chased the swiftly moving hat.

Just as he had nearly reached the hat, a brown-and-white pup caught it in his mouth and dashed down the street and through a fence into a garden. With one bound Roger cleared the fence and was in hot pursuit.

The pup, determined to have the best of the chase, dashed in and out among the rose bushes and hedges, and finally bounded through the door of the summer house and dropped the hat at the feet of a young lady who sat reading.

Before she could speak, a very red-faced and much excited young man burst through the door.

"You devilish little beast," he began, but stopped short as he saw the tall girl rising.

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered, "but he has my hat."

With an amused twinkle in her brown eyes the girl picked up the torn and dusty hat.

"I'm very sorry, sir, but I'm afraid it's ruined. Carlo, how could you tear the man's hat," she began, pushing the still panting dog aside. "I'm so sorry he did it," she continued.

"Oh, it doesn't matter in the least," he cheerfully lied, with an admiring glance at her face. "For if he hadn't got the hat I never would have seen—" and he caught himself, but he saw by the look in her eyes that she knew what he had started to say.

He heard no reply, and fearing he had been too bold, he picked up the torn fragments of his hat and with a bow walked out bare-headed.

"What a peach she is," he murmured and turned his head toward the summer house, but the girl stood with her hands on the dog's head, laughing.

His face burned very red as the dog ran after him barking, but he leaped the fence and went on down the street.

"Who can she be?" he soliloquized. "How does it happen that she is at Wilson's? Will I see her again? Yes, I'll call on Miss Wilson tonight." Again his face grew red and he felt uncomfortable as he thought about the undignified appearance he had made and how she had laughed at him. He did not know that the girl at that minute was telling her aunt about the meeting and asking all about him.

That night about eight Roger rang the bell at the Wilson home and asked for Miss Wilson.

"So glad to see you, Mr. West," Miss Wilson began as she entered the room after keeping him waiting for a few minutes.

"But why didn't you call last night. My cousin, Nina Rives, has been here for a few days and I wanted you to meet her."

"I'm sure I'll be delighted to meet her now," Roger eagerly responded.

"Sorry, but she left this afternoon."

"Gone! did you say?" Roger gasped.

"Yes. She was here only three days," Miss Wilson calmly replied and glanced up with a wondering look at his evident confusion.

"She is now visiting a friend in the country, but she may be with us again before she leaves for her home."

After talking a short time about trivial incidents Roger bade her good evening and departed, leaving her to wonder what had happened to him. Usually he was so jolly and full of life.

"Stung again," Roger said to himself. "Now I'll have to wait till she comes back and maybe miss her

again. But an introduction to her is worth going to some trouble for. But here I'll be waiting like an oyster for her reappearance and then she may not care whether I exist or not." And as he walked numerous plans flitted through his mind as to how he might win the girl's favor.

One afternoon a week later Roger West swung aboard the last car as No. 32 pulled out for Dorset. Ever since the morning when he lost his hat he had thought of little save the brown-eyed girl who had laughed at him. But strange to say he had not heard where she had gone or anything else about her.

When Will French, a college chum, asked him to spend the week-end at his country home, "Hillbrook," he had accepted somewhat reluctantly as he felt in no mood for gaities and feared lest even one day out of town might make him miss meeting Nina Rives when she returned to the Wilson's. As he found a seat and settled comfortably with his magazine his thoughts flew back to that eventful morning and the girl.

"All out for Dorset," sang out the conductor, and Roger, roused from his reverie, grabbed his bag and prepared to descend.

The cheery face of his school-mate greeted him as he stepped from the car. "So glad to see you, old boy," and he grabbed Roger's hand, "Was afraid you wouldn't come. But see, here's Nell's friend," and he turned to a girl who was standing by the waiting car.

Roger turned to see whom Will meant—and his heart jumped for joy for there stood Nina Rives and by her side the dog.

"Mr. West, Miss Rives," Will was saying. And Roger beamed as she put out a small gloved hand saying, "We've had the pleasure of meeting each other before," and she looked down at the dog.

"Yes, I think so," Roger replied, and he patted the dog's head.

Having entered Will's car the three soon left the station far behind and swept along between fresh green meadows and wooded hills.

"I'm so glad to find you going to 'Hillbrook,'" Roger commenced.

"Oh, I've been there some time—that is, ever since the day you lost your hat."

"But Miss Wilson told me you were to visit her again," he returned.

"But you see I didn't. Will's sister Nell and I are the best of friends and they just wouldn't let me leave before this. They expected you last week but I guess you were waiting to get a new hat."

"Well, partly so—then I didn't know that I was going to find you here," he ventured.

"I'll make Carlo be good this time as I see you have a new hat," she changed the subject adroitly.

"Nina, you and Roger seem to be great friends back there," Will teased.

Roger, looking down with a beatific smile from his seventh heaven, deigned no reply. He continued the interrupted conversation with—

"Oh, it doesn't matter whether he's good or not, for I'll always love that dog."

"'Love me—love my dog;' love my dog—love me," she murmured under her breath as the car rounded the curve and they came in sight of "Hillbrook."

M. ALICE CLARKE.

Castles

Castles! Castles!
 Beautiful dreams of light;
 We build them all in the light of the sun,
 But the clouds come thick ere our dreams are done.


Castles! Castles!
 Exquisite dreams of youth,
 'Tis our earliest work to build them fair,
 'Tis the work of time to dim them with care.

Castles! Castles!
 Of fairy fabric all,
 Joy alone may live in their halls,
 The castles are ruined when sorrow calls.

Castles! Castles!
 Through life we build with care,
 God grant the Real to take their place
 When our castles fall from the air.

SARA WILLIE ESTES.

"Roses is Red"

“OOK here, 'Ria, when's dat man gwine to suppose to yo'?" questioned Aunt Mandy as she bent over the steaming wash-tub. "It 'pears to me like yo' all ain't no near mar'i'd den yo' was las' big meetin', an' I done bought two new coats fer yo' since dat tim'. I sartinly ain't gwine be buyin' so many coats fer yo' to flant 'bout in, when yo' ain't makin' nothin' out un it."

"Well, Mammy, ain't I done tried my bes' to cotch him, but yo' know dat Sara' Ann Johnson is jes' as hot

atter him as I is. She done had *three* new coats since las' meetin,' too, an' I'se jes' fit to gin him up, dat I is." And Maria, with a very discouraged look, stopped her washing and sighed.

"La', gal, yo' jes' as well shet dat mess up. Sam Green am de onliest man 'roun' here fittin' fer yo', an' I tel' yo' right now, yo' got him to git. Yo' hear me?" And Aunt Mandy wrung out a piece and dropped it into the boiling pot and stirred the clothes with renewed vigor. "Well, yo' go 'long an' set out under the shed an' lun a new song fer to sing him while dese clos finish bilin'."

Maria went out under the old shed and was laboriously poring over "I'm Wearing My Heart Away for You," when she was suddenly interrupted by a loud call from her mother.

"Ria, 'Ria, don' yo' heah me? Com' heah, gal, hurry up!"

Maria rushed in and almost ran into Aunt Mandy, who with headlong speed was coming to meet her.

"Ria, I done sed so 'fore, but I'se done sho'ly relized it now, you'se a blockhead."

Maria stared.

"Whar is yo' senses, ain' dis Leap Year, an' ain't nex' Choosday, Valemtime Day? *Ma-ria* Wilks, I reckon yo'll wan' me to do it atter I tell yo.' *Suppose to dat man!* Is dat clear to yo'? *An' suppose wid er Valemtime!* Now, kin yo' do it?"

"I don'no'm," faltered Maria. "I mought ef I could fin' one to 'spress my feelin's. But s'posen Sara' Ann sen' him one too?"

"Sara' Ann ain't gwine to think 'bout no Valemtime, an' huh ma, neder; yo' jes' atter makin' some sorter 'scuse. I'll gin yo' a silk white dress ef yo' sen' dat man de gran'est Valemtime yo' kin fin' in dis town an' sen' it terday. What yo' say?" urged mammy.

"Yes'um, I'll do it," promised Maria. "But if Sara' Ann do sen' him one an' he do take huh yo' kin thank yo' ownse'f. Yo' made me."

“Warl, yo’ jest com’ on here an’ let’s finish washin’, so yo’ kin go down town, an’ try yo’ han’ wid dem Valemtimes.”

The washing was soon finished and Maria wended her way down the street, first sober and then gay. Sober as she thought of Sarah Ann, her rival; glad when she thought of the possibilities awaiting her. In the ten-cent store she came face to face with Sarah Ann, who, sauntering gaily up to her, said:

“Hello, ‘Ria, what’s yo’ doin’ down here? I thought today was yo’ washin’ day. It must be fer somethin’ very pertickler dat you’s down here. What yo’ atter?”

“I-I-I-se-I-se down here fer to get a Valemtime to sen’ my Aunt Mary. I thought she would like it,” stammered Maria; “but what’s yo’ atter yo’self?”

“Oh, I thought I’d sen’ my cousin John one instid of my cross old maid aunt who hates Valemtimes and hearts,” retorted the wicked Sarah Ann.

Maria looked very guilty and could think of no reply, but trying to throw the matter over said: “Let’s sillect dem, anyway.”

After a long while they made their selection, but much to Maria’s annoyance, Sarah Ann picked out one like hers.

“I’s gwine put a li’l’ verse inside mine,” remarked Maria.

“So is I,” replied Sarah Ann. “I’s jes’ be’n thinkin’ un it. What yo’ gwine say?”

“Le’ssee,” began Maria, “I’s gwine hab somethin’ like dis,” and she read it out as she wrote:

“roses is Red
Violets is bloo
i don hate al boys
but i Does hate you”

“La’, yo’ gwine write dat to yo’ Aunt Mary. She don’ keer nothin’ ‘bout yo’ hatin’ boys. I’d writ her a nice li’l’ vus,” objected Sarah Ann.

"Oh, I'se changed my min'; I'se gwine to sen' it to dat Joe Tucker whar live jes' 'cross de street from my home," replied Maria.

"I wouldn't sen' sich a pretty one with sich a ugly vus." Sarah Ann wasn't quite convinced that that pretty Valentine wasn't going to the same person whom she had intended hers for.

"Oh, I'se jest gwine s'prise him—make him think he got sumthin' when he ain' got nuthin'," prevaricated Maria.

Sarah Ann was quite convinced now, and she took no notice of Maria when she saw her writing again.

"Now, 'Ria," she began, "you jes' got ter tell me sumthin' to write. Yo' kno' I ain' gif'ed erlong dat line."

"Whyn't yo' writ, le'ssee," and she wrote:

"rosis is red,
Vilets is bloo,
yo' bet yer boots
Dat I lov yo."

"La', 'Ria, dat's jes' gran'," exclaimed Sarah Ann.
"Oh, my, won't he think I'se smart."

But getting off to herself she took out her pencil and wrote instead:

"rosis is red,
vilets is bloo,
yo' bet yer boots
Dat I'le git you."

And putting it in the envelope with the Valentine she came up to where Maria was writing hers, which surprised Maria so that in her hurry she put the verse in that she had not intended should go in. While Sarah Ann was away off she wrote:

"rosis is red,
vilets is bloo,
yo' can jes' bet
Dat I'de hab yo'
Ef I cud get yo.' "

This she had intended to send with the Valentine to Sam Green, the object of her affections as well as of Sarah Ann's.

Each was afraid to ask the other to let her see her envelope as she was afraid the question might be returned, so they got them into the postoffice, and neither was sure of the other's, yet they both suspected.

At the corner they separated. As soon as Maria was well on her way she pulled out the verse from her pocket. To her horror she found out that she had sent the one which said:

“rosis is red,
vilets is bloo,
Yer bet yer boots
dat i Hates yo’.”

“Well, I know one thing,” she said to herself, “and dat is, I ain’ gwine le’ mammy see it, sartinly. La’, I shore is glad I ain’ had no time ter put my name on it, now maybe he won’ kno’. I’s gwine make out I hearn nothin’ ’tall ’bout it when he comes tomorrer night.”

When she reached home she found her mother waiting anxiously for her on the doorstep.

“I jes’ bet yo’ ain’ done done it, is yo’? I say, is yo’?”

“Yes’um I is; I got er pretty one an’ I wants dat white silk fer my weddin’ dress. He is comin’ tomorrer night an’ I kin tell you more atter dat,” and she passed on into the house.

II

The next night Maria was dressed in her yellow silk and blue ribbons waiting when she heard his knock at the door. She hastened to the door to welcome him. “Come in, Mr. Green. I’s right glad to see yer, I shore is. Jes’ walk inter de parlor,” and she led him into the room.

“Did yer git any Valemtimes, Miss ’Ria?” he began, “or did you sen’ any?”

“No, I didn’t git any. Did you?” replied Maria.

“Yes’um, I got a bery nice one, an’ a bery incomplemtly one. Here dey is. What yo’ think un dem?”

“La’, Mr. Green, who yo’ s’posen sent dem things? I b’lieve dis gal think she gwine git you.” Maria had recognized them.

“Now, I tells yo’ right den an’ dar, Miss ’Ria, I ain’ ’sposed ter let nobody boss mé in no sich way, an’ I don’ like dem sentmints. I like dem tudder ones better even ’do’ she do say she hate me, an’ I b’lieve I know who sen’ dem bofe.”

Maria dared not reply.

“Now, Miss ’Ria, a lady fren’ o’ mine tole me yo’ sen’ dat Valemtime ’bout hating an’ I don’ keer ef you did, ef yo’ didn’t mean it, ’cause I likes any gal better whar don’ run atter me, an’ I ain’t gwine lak no gal whar thinks she got me. Miss ’Ria, did yer sen’ dat Valemtime ter de one what loves yer?” wooed Sam.

“Yes,” faltered Maria, “de one what loves yo’ sen’ it ter de one what she loves, but I didn’t ’tend to sen’ dat one. I had anudder vus to put in, but I’s e dat scared dat Sara’ Ann gwine see it dat I puts in de wrong un. De one I was gwine put in read lak dis:

“Rosis is red,
Vilets is bloo,
Yo’ can jes bet
Dad I’d hab yo’
Ef I cud get yo’ ”

—an’ dem’s my sentmints prezackly.”

“I’s e glad dem’s yer sentmints, and I’s e right glad too dat yer sint de tudder, ’cause it made me want yer mo’. Whin yo’ gwine be ready to be married, ’Ria? I’s e ready any time yo’ is.”

SALLIE EPES HARGRAVE.

An Errant Cupid

Dan Cupid, once upon a time, decided he would
strike;
“This work,” cried he, “is killing me! I’m thinner
than a pike!
I think I’ll take a holiday in lands across the sea,
Where such a thing as love’s unknown, and there’s no
need for me.”

His suit-case Cupid quickly packed, his golf-clubs
strapped up tight;
Of sporting toys he nothing lacked to do the thing
just right;
Then ordering an aeroplane, he gaily sailed away;
What reckless plans were in his mind, one scarce
would dare to say.

He traveled over sea and land, his clothes were all
worn out,
His dainty cheeks were burned and tanned, but his
mind was filled with doubt;
For he had found that maids as well as men, although
he thought it “slow,”
Still played the good old game of love wherever he
might go.

And so at last he wandered home, a most dejected
sight;
A sadder and a wiser boy had never seen the light.
“In future I shall stay right here,” he said, “and
sharpen darts;
For I can never dodge my job—the world’s too full
of hearts!”

“DAN.”

The Kindergarten and its Relation to Elementary Education



THE ideal kindergartner of today (1) does not regard the kindergarten as isolated from other departments in school, but as having the same educational principles and aim; as any other part of the school system; (2) she realizes that the kindergarten in theory and practice cannot remain a thing apart; (3) she puts into practice Froebel's doctrine—there is no break in development and should be none in education; (4) she endeavors to make the changes in the school as gradual and insensible as the changes in the growth of the child; (5) she regards the subject matter essential in kindergarten as that which is essential all the way up through the grades; (6) she believes that there should be a gradual growth of the aim and purpose in the mind of the child up to a conscious aim and purpose; and (7) she advocates the kindergarten's surrendering whatever isolates it from the primary grades, and accepting anything which will make the connection closer.

The kindergarten exists that the child may have life more abundantly, that the community may be elevated and the race improved. Its aim is to establish an understanding between the school and the home; to interpret and enrich the child's experience; to put the child in possession of every faculty he is capable of using; to give a wish to learn and power of teaching self; to form a social atmosphere and have the kindergarten as much a home as possible; to allow opportunity to express individual traits of character; to throw the child on his own responsibility; to get self control through freedom; and to see that the child is happy, as right feeling is necessary for true thinking.

Now let's consider the aim and ideas of the elementary school. According to newer ways of thinking and conducting the work the aim of the new school or elementary school is to provide creative work for the child; to make a flexible adjustment of workers to each other, and to the thing to be done; to utilize properly the child's activities—to encourage initiative; to make situations which arouse a desire to work, to make, to invent, and to investigate; to develop forces in the child which will give him power to think and to do; and to teach how to live by giving real life experiences in which the child delights and finds meaning for his own sake.

And now, having heard the aim of the kindergarten and the aim of the primary school, and having found that they are practically the same and are being worked out according to the same methods, we are in a position to understand the necessity of having the kindergarten and primary grades closely related and not isolated from each other. The kindergarten theory we have found to be the same as the general educational theory. Kindergarten theory and practice cannot remain a thing apart. Therefore, do we not see the lack of consistency and desired ends unless the kindergarten methods are the same as those of the primary school?

There is no break in the child's development and should be none in his education. There is no kindergarten, no primary school: the one real thing is development. The theory of our educational system should be that the primary and kindergarten are one institution—simply a succession of grades developing naturally. As children advance there is a gradual change in the tools used, but fundamental aim of all the primary grades is the same—the development of the child. Freedom, both spiritual and physical, for the children should be the aim of every teacher. Let them develop naturally and let the changes in the methods used to aid them in their development be as gradual and insensible as the changes in the different stages of their growth. “The child is the center of development for the real school as for the kindergarten, and is no longer regarded as so much

material to be modeled after a fashion, but rather as a spiritual being full of the possibilities of development if his treatment be in accordance with the law of his being."

In the ideal school the community spirit of the kindergarten is still carried out and we find the school organized for the general good, to which each pupil is a contributing member. The kindergarten stands for two things above all else—the community idea and the laboratory method. When we speak of continuing the kindergarten work through the grades, we mean kindergarten principles, not kindergarten material; we mean that the sweet joyousness of the kindergarten life, its activity, its interests, its community life and laboratory method, shall go on. The three methods employed to bring about this continuity between the kindergarten and the elementary school are as follows: (1) to provide a connecting class to take the child out of his kindergarten habits and introduce him to those of the primary school; (2) to modify the kindergarten to make it more nearly resemble the primary school; (3) to modify the primary school to make it more nearly resemble the kindergarten. All methods of the educational system should be based upon the data afforded by the children themselves. It is the duty of every teacher to find out the divine possibilities of the child and then lead the child to a consciousness of himself—make him conscious of his power. Unless he is conscious of his power there is no adequate education. He can't develop what he doesn't know he possesses.

The highest possibilities of the kindergarten can be realized only when, without abandoning Froebel's ideals, kindergartners are free from the authority and tradition of kindergarten theory and practice, and have become as earnest, faithful, reverential, and efficient students of children and of principles of development as they have been and now are of Froebel.

□ As the educational horizon of the kindergartners has broadened some have realized that kindergarten practice is not in accordance with psychology and child study and

consequently a division has arisen among the kindergartners of the country. They have divided themselves into two schools: the progressives, who accept the new interpretation of Froebel's kindergarten principles which psychology has discovered and given universal significance, and the conservatives, who cling to the established interpretation of Froebel's doctrine and the mode of procedure that he is supposed to have followed. By a comparison of the two schools we can clearly see in the progressive where psychology has broken down the wall of separation between the kindergarten and the school, and laid the foundation for their ultimate unification. The educational movements of the present are all in accord with, or the result of, Froebelian doctrines. As the new movements are more fully comprehended, there is in view a greater extension of kindergarten influence. To place the kindergarten in the position of one of the grades of a school, instead of a separate department, would immediately insure for it a public recognition which would go far toward bridging the gap between it and the first grade. The furthering of this kindergarten influence should be the aim of all who have the highest interests of American education at heart.

LILY PERCIVALL.

Sprites

Tra—la—tra—la!
Be bright, be gay;
Dance on your way,
Lightly tripping
Round and round,
Gaily skipping
O'er the ground!

Tra—la—tra—la!
On moonbeams ride,
In daisies hide,
Silv'ery laughter;
Form a ring!
Dawn comes after;
So sing, sing!

Tra—la—hush—hush!
Away, away!
Cease from your play,
Deep in a flower
Fold your wings,
For the first hour
Of dawn up-springs.

MARY DORNIN.

Mary Ingles, Pioneer



THE YEAR 1732, made memorable by the birth of Washington, was the date of Mary Draper's birth in Philadelphia. She was of Scotch-Irish descent. When she was eight years of age her mother came into the Valley of Virginia. Mary was strong and active when she grew to womanhood; she could leap a ditch as readily as her brothers, jump straight up almost as high as her head, and leap into her saddle from the ground without help.

At sixteen Mary Draper, with her mother and brothers, their father having been killed by the Indians, came with an expedition led by Thomas Ingles, and settled near the present site of Blacksburg and the Virginia Polytechnic Institute. This was the first English settlement west of the Alleghanies, and it was called Draper's Meadow.

Two years later, William Ingles, son of Thomas Ingles, married Mary Draper, theirs being the first English marriage west of the Alleghanies.

The settlement was prosperous and unharmed by the Indians for five years. But suddenly a tribe of Shawnee Indians fell upon them, killing, wounding, and capturing every soul present. The men were away from the settlement working and came too late to save the lives of their wives and children.

Bidding farewell to the burning settlement, Mrs. Ingles and her sister-in-law, Mrs. John Draper, set out on their journey into the wilderness, knowing not whither they went or what fate awaited them. It was a comfort to Mrs. Ingles to be permitted to care for her children and help Mrs. Draper, who was wounded at the settlement.

When they reached the capital town of the Shawnees, a month later, there was a great gathering of the tribe to welcome back the raiding party.

Following the festivities, came the division of the prisoners. This was an agonizing experience to Mrs. Ingles, for her young and helpless children were torn from her and sent in all directions. Mrs. Draper was adopted by one of the chiefs and was called his fair-skinned daughter.

Mrs. Ingles, who remained at the village, became an important personage through her skill with the needle. The Indians had just bought a large supply of checked shirting, and as shirts were in great demand, Mrs. Ingles was kept busy making them.

Several weeks later Mrs. Ingles was sent with a party of Indians to the Big Bone Licks, Kentucky, to make salt, and thus she was no doubt the first Englishwoman to stand within the present boundaries of Indiana and Kentucky.

Although Mrs. Ingles was treated with unusual consideration on account of her usefulness and kindness, she resolved to run away and go home, if possible. An old Dutch woman, captured in Pennsylvania, was the only other white woman in camp. She persistently refused to accompany Mrs. Ingles, but dreading to be left alone with the Indians, she at length consented to go.

It seemed an almost hopeless undertaking. There were no roads, no guides. Death by starvation or exposure, by wild beasts or wild Indians, threatened. Yet, appalling as were these conditions, they were as naught to the terrible ordeal which confronted Mrs. Ingles. She must leave behind the little child born to her in the wilderness. There was nothing else to do. The child would soon perish from the hardships of the way, while its cries would expose them to recapture and death by slow torture. This was a cruel position in which she was placed by fate, and the wise decision which she made required moral courage and heroism of the highest order.

With only a blanket and a tomahawk apiece and the scant clothing they wore, Mrs. Ingles and the Dutch woman started on their journey. When they did not return to the camp the Indians thought they had lost their way, and next morning they looked for them. The women, however, were well on their way. It never occurred to the redskins that the women would attempt so hazardous an undertaking as to escape, and not finding them near camp, the Indians concluded they had been killed by wild beasts, and gave up the search.

They traveled up the Ohio river past the present site of Cincinnati, and found themselves opposite the Shawnee village at the mouth of the Scioto river.

They were travel worn and almost famished, but a corn patch and an empty cabin gave them food and shelter for the night, and greatly refreshed them. Taking what corn they could carry they went on their way next morning, undiscovered by the Indians, whom they could see on the opposite bank. But they barely escaped falling into the hands of Indian hunters later in the day.

When they came to rivers too wide and deep to wade across near the mouth, they would walk along the bank until they came to a place where the water was shallow enough for them to wade across. This almost doubled the distance of their journey and the number of trying days spent in the wilderness.

Meanwhile, as winter approached, the weather grew cold, and they suffered much from exposure. Their clothing was in shreds, their moccasins had long since fallen from their feet. They slept under shelving rocks and hollow logs, making beds as best they could from dried leaves. When nuts could no longer be found they were often driven by hunger to pull up shrubs and chew such as had tender bark on their roots.

The two women finally reached New river, almost exhausted. Mrs. Ingles knew that its waters would lead her to home and friends, and this gave her new heart. It nerved her to make the passage of the grand canyon

on New river, a feat seemingly bordering on the miraculous considering their enfeebled condition.

No one but those who have traveled this road can understand what will-power and courage it required. But hope sustained heroic Mrs. Ingles, and by gentle little attentions she cheered on the old Dutch woman, though the woman was often very ill-natured to Mrs. Ingles, whom she blamed for her terrible condition. On several occasions she threatened to kill Mrs. Ingles, and on passing Indian Creek, having grown desperate from hunger, she actually attempted to put her threat into execution.

The struggle did not last long. The old Dutch woman was stronger than Mrs. Ingles, but the latter, who had youth in her favor, was more active, and escaping the clutches of the old woman, she hid under the river bank. Later, finding a canoe, she managed to put the river between them.

The rest of the journey was made alone. The high mountains and a long stretch of precipitous cliffs rising abruptly out of the water lay between Mrs. Ingles and home. But she passed on, climbing over or wading around the cliffs. She passed the Narrows, one of the wildest parts of the state. She scaled a seemingly impassable cliff near the base of the Salt Pond Mountain, where she found herself at Anvil Rock, a precipice two hundred and eighty feet high, with its base in the water.

She tried to wade around it, but its waters proved an unfathomable gulf, and her heart sank within her. It was the latter part of November, snow had fallen and it was bitterly cold. Night was upon her, and she could find no place of shelter. Wet and icy cold, more dead than alive, she threw herself down on the rocks.

Next morning hope was revived. Her limbs were so swollen she could hardly stand, but putting forth a desperate effort, she attempted to crawl to the top. She climbed hour after hour, but she was so faint from hunger, great pain in her swollen limbs and torn feet, that she had to rest very often. It was the most terrible day

of her eventful life. She knew that it could not be more than fifteen miles from her home, but she realized that at any moment her strength might give way and her life go out.

At sunset the cliff was passed, and just beyond she came on a corn patch, where her friend and neighbor, Adam Harmon, was getting corn. She fainted at his feet.

Forty-two days had elapsed since she left the encampment, during which time she had tasted no food save berries, grapes, nuts, roots, and on one occasion, a little corn. She had traveled about eight hundred miles through the wilderness, and was saved at last.

After resting at the home of the Harmons, she was able to continue her journey, accompanied by Mr. Harmon. She was given a joyous welcome by her family and friends, who had gathered at a fort at Dunkard's Bottom, a short distance above Radford, on account of an Indian alarm.

Mrs. Ingles sent a party to find the old Dutch woman, whom they sent home to Pennsylvania.

Some years afterwards some of their children were found and brought home. Their eldest son became very fond of the Indians and lived with them several years, but at length he came back, and lived with his parents at Ingles Ferry.

Mrs. Ingles lived to be eighty-four years old, and at the age of eighty she could ride horseback thirty miles without fatigue. Her step was still elastic, and her complexion fresh and rosy.

LUCY GRAHAM, '14.

Requiem

Rest, tired, patient heart,
Come now away and rest,
For thou hast nobly borne thy part.
God knoweth what is best.
Let deep darkness, calm, enroll thee,
Let the silence, strong, enfold thee.
Pass beyond this earthly strife,
To that higher, better life,
Opening in realms afar, for thee,
To all Eternity.

Leave the weary puzzled part
That thy poor strength did test,
Leave busy work and noisy mart,
Let others seek thy quest.
Let the peace of God enfold thee,
Let the strength of God uphold thee,
Better worlds with splendor rife
Lie beyond this earthly life,
Stretch beyond the furthest star, for thee,
To all Eternity.

JANIE SLAUGHTER.

Sketches

BR'ER TURTLE AND THE THUNDER

"Why can't we throw the turtle's head out here on the ground, Uncle Bill?"

"Kaze if it git a hold you foot it won't let go tell it thunder."

"Well, but why won't it?"

"Lawsy, honey, ain't I done tole you 'bout dat? Well, 'twuz dis way. One time Br'er Rabbit wuz a foolin' along down side de ribber wha he didn't hab no bizness and wuz a peekin' and a pokin' around under de rocks when all at once he yell, 'Ow! Ow!' And what you reckon done happened? Ole Br'er Turtle had him by the toe and he wouldn't let go nuther. Br'er Rabbit he yell and scream louder and louder but Br'er Turtle hol' on jes the same.

"'Br'er Turtle,' sez Br'er Rabbit, sezee, kinder sassy like, 'Now I specks you better let me go, kaze if you don't de *larroes* gwinter git you.'

"But Br'er Turtle hol' on.

"Den Br'er Rabbit sez, 'Br'er Turtle, if you knows what's good fo' you, you gwinter turn me loose kase I done heerd as how de woolydewoose is a roamin' roun' dis country now.'

"Still Br'er Turtle hol' on.

"Den Br'er Rabbit sez, kinder 'umble like, 'Br'er Turtle, please, Br'er Turtle, let me go. What I eber done to you?'

"Still Br'er Turtle hol' on.

"'Please, Br'er Turtle, please let me go,' sez Br'er Rabbit mighty 'umble.

"All dis time Br'er Fox he been a standin' on de cliff jes ober der heads a feelin' mighty good kaze Br'er Rabbit done mixt up wid mo' trouble. He hol' he sides and laff and kick up he behine legs. He roll ober and laff harder all de time. But Br'er Fox he done fergit he

so near de aidge, and fust thing he knowed ober he roll and brung down rocks and sticks and mo' rocks, and he roll and roll and come down ker-splosh in de ribber. And de rumblin' and de rollin' of de rocks done skeered Br'er Turtle tell he let go Br'er Rabbit's toe and put he head under he shell."

"But, Uncle Bill, that wasn't thunder."

"Bless grashus, chile, don't you know Br'er Turtle didn't know what it wuz! But he knowed hit wuz a big noise. I speck thunder sound jes like dat rumblin' to him now. Run along now. I hear you' mammy callin' you."

WINNIE HINER.

A CITY SPRING

Spring was rife in the city streets. It sang and whistled in the joyful uproar of the newsboys; it whirred and buzzed in the onward dash of the automobile; it clicked and beat a merry tattoo on the asphalt from the hoofs of the heavy dray horses. There was an undefinable difference in the whole atmosphere. The buildings were the same, the newsboys and the horses and the automobiles had not altered, either in appearance or character. But there was in every atom of existence that happiness and levity of movement which had not been there yesterday. Even the little corner boot-black's nose had a trifle more impudent upturn, and the messenger boys with "immediate delivery" messages strolled just a little more leisurely toward their destination. Something intangible, all pervading, had permeated weary Nature. Spring had come!

ROSE PARROTT.

AIR CASTLES

Seated on the steps of a country school-house, with bent head thrust between two small hands and a far-away look in her big dreamy eyes, was a little girl. The child was evidently waiting for some one, yet she did not have that patient, bored expression of those kept waiting by some heedless person, who forgets that the sand is running low in the hour glass; but on her face

there was a rapt, uplifted expression as if she herself, like Joan of Arc, were communing with the angels.

What could this child be doing that would cause so much enjoyment to be thus reflected on her face? Here we have the secret, she was building an air castle. A foolish, childish dream, yet how often have we not been lifted from our common, ordinary surroundings into a land of visionary wonders.

As the child sat all alone on the door steps she imagined herself a *beautiful* princess with long golden hair, a princess of such beauty and accomplishments that people came from far and wide to see her. Owing to her reputation there were many women jealous of this lovely young girl and so they bribed an old witch to carry her off to a distant tower and there imprison her until she had lost all her beauty and had become old and wrinkled.

After she had remained thus for some time, she longed to get away and thought of every possible means of escape, but the old witch had her well guarded, alas! When she was about to give up in despair, she saw, through her tower window, a tall, handsome knight clothed in glittering armor seated upon a fiery steed. He was coming nearer and nearer. The child's eyes grew very bright to think that her Prince Charming was really coming.

Yes, he was coming, but not the stalwart knight she had expected but a bent, wrinkled old man, not riding upon a prancing white charger but seated in a rickety, broken down wagon driving an old gray mule.

All her hopes were crushed, her air castle had fallen to earth with a thud. We find her, though, hovering about the ruins with head bent down and eyes dimmed with tears. The old man drove slowly up to the school-house steps, stiffly got down from the wagon and wobbled across to where the child sat. "What's the matter with my little girl?" he said. The child didn't answer.

"Has your old father kept you waiting very long, honey?"

"No, it's not that," the child sobbed. Then the little girl raised her head and looked into his kind old face. "O father! tell me, is there a place where you have everything you want and where all your beautiful dreams come true?"

FANNY W. N. SMITH.

"Yes, I will be glad to take you to your husband's grave. I have often wondered if his people could not be located, but we had no clue except his watch, and so many were killed and wounded at Gettysburg that it was hard to find out anything concerning his home or relatives."

In a few moments they stood beneath the cedars and the willows. It was the month of June and all the flowers of the great family of the South seemed to have burst forth in a mass of color. Under their feet, there was purple and white periwinkle with smiling faces of welcome. The many colored heart's-ease grew in profusion and an old-fashioned yellow rambler climbed upon the low white paling, while blue and white violets gazed up at them with wide-open eyes. All this was hemmed in by box-wood and scarlet sage, and the odor of the sweet Brown Betsy made fragrant the air.

Two of the graves had been freshly strewn with roses and the dew still hung in great drops from the leaves. The elder of the two women stepped to the side of the graves and said with a sad sweet smile, "This is yours, the other mine."

They knelt beside them and each lifted up a prayer to God who in his infinite goodness had spared them to mourn and strew flowers alike on the graves of the Blue and the Gray,

"Together they knelt with hand clasped in hand,
As they thought of that beautiful day
When we all shall unite in that beautiful land
Where there is no Blue and no Gray."

MARGARET SHAW.

THE FOCUS

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THE NEW INFIRMARY

We have watched with eager eyes the building of the new infirmary, and now at last it is completed—in every sense of the word, not only with new furniture but a new doctor. Long have we been waiting to see who would grace the new building, and now she is here, Dr. Annie Veech, from Louisville, Kentucky.

Here's hoping that we won't make her glad *twice* by having to stay over there so long that she'll be glad when we're gone.

Health to the girls and a hearty welcome to Dr. Veech!

BASKETBALL

“As in spring the young man's fancy
Always turns to thoughts of love,”
So here at S. N. S. the young girl's fancy
Always turns to basketball.

And while thinking about it, which do you prefer, a picked team or class teams? The idea has been advanced that class teams are hardly fair, as the Seniors naturally do better “team work,” but we had, this year, a splendid Junior team, which made the match game exciting and gave the “Jolly Juniors” just cause to be proud of their noble efforts.

The old *Red* and *Green* teams were *exciting* enough, but *that* was where the trouble came. Excitement grew so intense that the Athletic Association thought best to change tactics and organize class teams. This, too, creates a certain spirit of class rivalry which is not to be desired. Why is it that we do not organize a school team and compete with other schools and colleges? This would promote school spirit and unite us in the love for our team. Have you ever thought about it? Well, just talk it over with your friends and see what the general sentiment is.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE STAFF

We regret very much that our former assistant business manager, Miss Sallie Hargrave, has been compelled to resign on account of being elected to the office of Vice-President of Student Government. But it gives us pleasure to announce that her place has been ably filled by Miss Alice Lemmon, and the business department can go on smoothly with its manifold duties.

Mrs. W. A. Maddox, of the class of 1902, we are very glad to announce, has accepted the position of Alumnae Editor and Miss Julia May Paulette has become Assistant Alumnae Editor. In the Alumnae Department of this number a general statement of the plan of the work for the Alumnae will be found.



It has been said that one cannot shop in Miller and Rhoads, Richmond, on Saturday morning without meeting a Normal School graduate. A member of our faculty lunched there Saturday, March 30th, and during the hour she spoke to the following Alumnae: Myrtle Rea '07, Gladys Bell '09, Carrie Caruthers '09, Mrs. Arthur D. Wright '08, Lottie Thorpe '11, Louise Eubank '11, Louise Ford '11, Mildred Richardson '09, Maud Trevette '91, Carrie Libby '10, Mrs. Charles Taylor '04, and Bessie and Milliam Brook '10.

Mary Russell Neal, '97, who has been a popular school principal since her graduation, has given up teaching and is now farming and housekeeping at her old home, Bowlers, Va. She says farming is better than teaching.

Kellog Holland, '00, and Mell Holland, '96, are teaching in Martinsville, Virginia.

Emma Waring is head of the Department of Physiology in the Commerce St. School, Roanoke, Va. She is said to be very successful in her work.

Sue Gannaway, '03, was married last August to Mr. J. T. Pierce in Radford, Va. Mr. and Mrs. Pierce are living in North Carolina.

Mrs. Winfree Reed, nee Edith Duvall, '05, of Roanoke, Va., is visiting her parents in Farmville.

Mrs. Harold Houton, nee Etta Sampson, '08, who lives in Utica, New York, has recently been visiting her relatives in South Richmond, Virginia.

Mrs. E. E. Roberts, nee Jennie Jackson, '01, has moved into her new home in Arvonnia, Virginia.

Mrs. W. W. Bondurant, nee Lily Walton, '09, lives in San Antonio, Texas. Mr. Bondurant is the principal and proprietor of a large boys' school in that city.

Mary Daniel, class '01, is leading soprano in an Episcopal Church choir, Atlanta, Georgia.

Ethel La Boyteaux, '10, after finishing her school term in West Virginia, has gone to Barton Heights, Virginia, to finish the unexpired term of Elizabeth James, who has recently married.

Mrs. Harry Nichols, nee Laura Chilton, '01, is living in St. Joseph, Missouri.

Mary Blanchard, '09, is teaching in Bristol Seminary, Bristol, Virginia.

Married: Gertrude Davidson to Mr. Beverley Morris Higginbotham, April 3, 1912, Lexington, Virginia. At home after April 17, Rupert, West Virginia.

Mrs. Clarence Dunaway, nee Julia Chilton, '01, lives in Richmond, Virginia. Mr. Dunaway is principal of one of the city schools.

Mrs. Geoffrey Creyke, nee Alice Paulett, '05, and her little son, Geoffrey, Jr., are on a visit to her parents in Farmville.

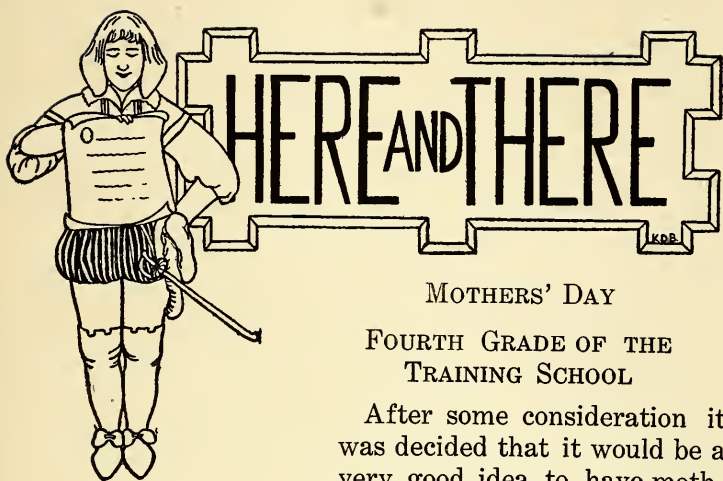
Ola Abbitt, '10, has had to close her school in Appomattox, Va., on account of scarlet fever.

Married: Elizabeth James to Mr. Kent Dickenson, March 12, 1912. Mr. and Mrs. Dickenson will be at home in Farmville, Virginia.

Molly Byerley, who has been visiting her sister in Carey, Mississippi, during the winter, has returned to Farmville.

Mrs. Anne Atkinson Burmeister, an accomplished pianist, who has gained wide recognition, will play at the White House on April 20th.

Mercy Prim, '01, is teaching in the 7th and 8th grades in Leesburg, Loudoun county, Va.



MOTHERS' DAY

FOURTH GRADE OF THE
TRAINING SCHOOL

After some consideration it was decided that it would be a very good idea to have mother's day in the fourth grade,

on Friday, March 8th.

On Wednesday morning Miss Forman talked with the children about the plan, and asked if they would like to have their mothers come. All of them seemed very much in favor of it. Then Miss Forman told the children that she thought it would be well to have a program to entertain their mothers, and that she believed they would enjoy hearing and seeing some of the every day work more than they would a special program. The children agreed with her.

Then the question of what they could do that would be interesting was brought up. The children suggested songs, Roman stories, and readings from "The Little Lame Prince." It was also decided that some spelling and language papers, maps, and drawings should be put upon the burlap on the back wall. In addition to this the children were very anxious that "Rome" on the sand table should be kept in good condition, and that different children should work arithmetic problems on the blackboard, as well as save the best maps of

South America which had been drawn on the board in geography.

On Thursday and Friday instead of having the regular work most of the time was spent in assigning the parts to the children and giving them practice in telling their stories, reading and singing.

From the very first, most of the children were very enthusiastic and seemed to be delighted over their parts. Great care, however, was taken to give each child an opportunity to appear at least once, and not to give any one child an undue amount of work.

During the language and writing periods on Thursday the children wrote invitations to their mothers, while the teachers arranged some of the best spelling and language papers, maps, and drawings on the burlap so that they could be easily examined. This work, which was neat and attractive, added a great deal to the appearance of the room.

On the blackboard there were several good maps of South America as well as a number of arithmetic problems neatly worked during the arithmetic period Friday. The blackboard was made more attractive by a "daffodil border" and by the program being well written at one end.

The necessary decorations were completed by one o'clock and really the school room looked most inviting to welcome the mothers who were to arrive by two thirty o'clock.

The exercises were exceedingly good, but the children who read deserve special mention.

After the program the children seemed to feel the responsibility of host or hostess and made the afternoon more pleasant by showing their mothers the work on exhibition and by introducing them to their teachers. They seemed especially anxious for their teachers to meet their mothers and they made this a very enjoyable feature of the afternoon. Tea was then served and every one had an opportunity to chat freely.

The afternoon proved a success in every way. There was a good attendance of the children's mothers and

every one of them seemed glad that she had come. The teachers enjoyed it thoroughly. Every student teacher left the room saying, "This is exactly what I am going to have next year."

NORMAL SCHOOL GLEE CLUB

Auditorium, March 18, 1912

St. Patrick's Day Program

Part I

St. Patrick's Day	Folk Song
Glee Club	
Dear Little Shamrock	Arthur Cherry
Ethel Combs, Nellie Bristow and Glee Club	
Teddy Fitzgerald—Substitute	Anna Packard
Maria Bristow	
The Shoogy Shoo	Ambrose
Double Quartette	

Part II

The Blarney Stone	Old Irish Tune
Glee Club	
Father O'Flynn	Old Irish Tune
Mr. Mattoon	
A Social Scandal	Peter Finley Dunne
Grace Woodhouse	
The Kervey Dance	J. S. Molly
Glee Club Semi-Chorus	
Come Back to Erin	Clainbel
Glee Club	

This original program showed evidence of much hard work on the part of the Glee Club, but the delight of the audience proved the undoubted success of their efforts.

THE CUNNINGHAM LITERARY SOCIETY

March 30, 1912

Mr. Bob

Philip Royson	Emily Minnigerode
Robert Brown, clerk of Benson and Benson,	Janie Couch

Jenkins, Miss Rebecca's butler	.	.	Lucy Strother
Rebecca Luke, a maiden lady	.	.	Edna Miars
Katherine, Miss Rebecca's niece	.	.	Rose Parrott
Marian Bryant, Katherine's friend	.	.	Frances Smith
Patty, Miss Rebecca's maid	.	.	Nena Lochridge

Act I

Scene.—Breakfast room at Thesham; time, morning. Miss Rebecca, whose hobby is cats, is planning to convert the upper story of her house into a winter home for decrepit and forlorn felines. She has sent for Mr. Brown, an architect, to draw up the plans for this hospital.

Act II

Scene.—Same as in Act I; time afternoon. A confusion of identities is straightened out to the satisfaction all concerned.

This interesting little playlet was one which held its audience enthralled from the rising of the first curtain to the end of the play, where its various and many mysteries were cleared and "Mr. Bob came to his own."

PIERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

March 29, 1912

Resolved: That bachelors are more lonesome than old maids.

Affirmative	.	.	Sallie Blankenship, Annie Jones
Negative	.	.	Madeline Askew, Jane Morehead

The debaters for the affirmative zealously championed the cause of the lonesome bachelors in a way that stirred the hearts of many a maid, while the negative side made the audience feel indeed sorry for one destined to the lonesome fate of spinsterhood. Sad for the old maids, their lot was pronounced more lonesome than that of the bachelors.

JEFFERSON DEBATING SOCIETY

An informal meeting of the Jefferson Society was held in room D March 22. The program consisted of music and a very instructive lecture by Dr. Millidge on the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam.

ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Subject, *Leap Year*

Resolved: It is better to have been a "has been" than a "never was."

Affirmative . Alice Baskerville, Annie Laurie Stone
Negative Etta Bailey, Alice Janney

The audience enjoyed the spirited debate of the Athenians, and the decision was rendered in favor of the negative.

ARGUS LITERARY SOCIETY

Subject, *Leap Year*

Piano Solo Eva Lovelace
Down in the Dewey Dell Glee Club
Leap Year Pantomime in three Scenes
Old Maids Parke Morris
Bachelor Gertrude Keister
Other Suffragettes . Sallie Redd, Ruth Gleaves,
Katherine Woodward, Margaret Alfriend, Josephine
Allison, Fannie Louise Rixey, Amelie Jones, Louise
Balthis.

The pantomime, which showed great originality, was written by Misses Keister, Hart, Conway and Morris, and sung by Antoinette Davis.

The entire program, which fitted so admirably the sentiments of the day, was thoroughly enjoyable.

The participants are to be congratulated.

QUI VITA EST!

Along the halls of learning,
A maiden, weary, passes,
An air of grave uncertainty
Defines her from the masses.

A test-pad clutched within her hand,
Some ink, a pen or two,
And her brain is full of concrete things
That are waiting for her to do.

They are registered on her consciousness,
And deep within her mind,
Is psychological evidence
She cannot quite define.

A vague remembrance lingers
Of art she has to do—
While references and essays,
Successive, rise to view.

They say she has a queer disease—
No scientific term
Can quite define the symptoms strange
Or appellate the germ.

She's weary of perception now,
Of definite ends in view,
She can't respond to stimuli
As once she used to do.

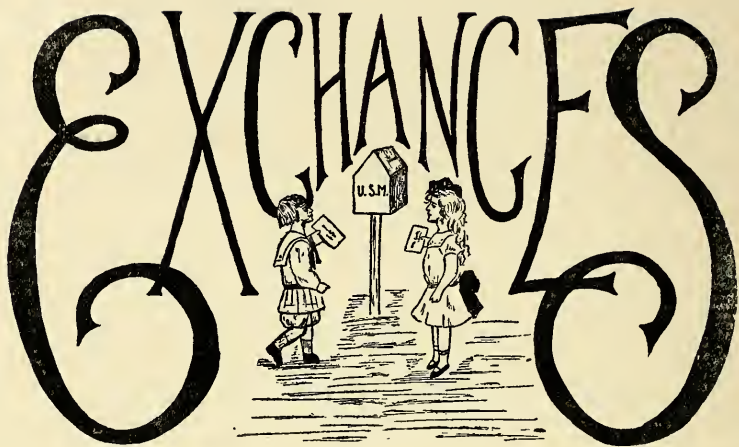
She's lost taste for statistics too,
She does not care for germs,
And finds no joy in research
Or scientific terms.

She longs for that dear future day
When she'll have no definite aim,

Life then will be all sunshine bright,
And weariness—a name!

Oh, such the life of a maiden is
Who would have a dip of fame,
They call this type a senior—
Forswear then such a name.

ELIZABETH HART.



We meditate in sorrow over *The Daleville Leader*. We are undecided whether to begin making our unfavorable criticism, for unfavorable it must be, at the beginning or end of the magazine. However, be that as it may, we shall begin with our first impression of it, which is this: it does not contain enough material. Then, too, there is no verse at all, the "Exchanges" are rather brief and are not as a whole well-expressed, nor is it in good order to have jokes and news items arranged alternately in the same department, and lastly, the one sketch, although containing a good idea, is not entirely free from grammatical errors. Still, we are looking for a great deal of improvement from Daleville, and we do not expect to be disappointed.

The *John Marshall Record* is a very attractive and well arranged magazine. The essay is on a topic of interest, "The Preservation of Forests." The story contains an original line of thought, and the sketch, "A Trial in 1925," gives a good idea of what equal suffrage would mean in our state and country. But, in

conclusion, would it be permissible for us to inquire whether or not there are at present any writers of verse in J. M. H. S.?

The March number of *The Chisel* does not reach the standard that the magazine has heretofore attained.

We acknowledge with thanks *The Furman Echo*, *The Critic*, *The State Normal Magazine*, and *The Record*.



HIT OR MISS

"Why, Tommy, kept in to-day?" asked mother.

"Ye-es," sobbed Tommy, "I made a beef-steak on my spelling paper."

Locate the cranium, Miss G.
Miss G-d-e—It is found in
the trunk of the body.

Where is the diaphragm?
In the arch of the foot.
(Rather high instep!)

Why is M. C. noted for having such a small appetite.
Because one *Peanut* will satisfy her.

If the Lady of the Lake should fall into the lake what
would Roderick Dhu?

If Macbeth did murder most foul would William Tell?

If the Lady Rowena should plant a garden would
Ivanhoe?

Say, dearie, I want you to give me a shoemaker's
kiss.

Und Heinrich, why a shoemaker's kiss?
Because it is lasting.

“What is a German?” lisped Betty aged six.

“Why a German is a man what lives on germs,” declared Bobby looking up from his second reader.

“Oh, I’ve just taken a tramp in the woods.”

“Did you have a nice time?”

“Indeed, I did. I had a delightful time.”

“Well—what about the tramp?”

The Chinese are right when they say that there is music in everything; for does not the violinist draw music from the strings and the pianist from a bundle of keys?

From a composition—“’Twas a typical Southern mansion with its wide portfolio.”

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